

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not very uneasy for her; if Arenta is in trouble she will cry it out, and call for help on every hand."

During this conversation Annie was in a reverie which it in no way touched. She was thinking all the time of her cousin George, and of the singular abruptness with which his love life had been cut short, and it was this train of thought which led her to say impulsively:

"Uncle, it is my desire to go to Philadelphia."

The earl looked at her with incredulity. "What nonsense, Annie!" he exclaimed. "For you a journey to Philadelphia would be an arduous undertaking, and one without any reasonable motive."

"Oh, indeed! Do you call George Washington an unreasonable motive? I wish to see him."

"I wish the journey were an easier one."

"To be sure, the roads and the cold will be a trial; but then my uncle, you can give them to me, as God gives trials to his beloved. He breaks them up into small portions, and puts a night's sleep between the portions. Can you not also do this?"

"You little Methodist!" answered the earl, with a tender gleam in his eyes. "I see that I shall have to give you your own way. Will you go with us, George?"

"Yes; I desire to see Washington. I wish to see the greatest of Americans."

This was the initial conversation which, after some opposition, and a little temper from madame the countess, resulted in the Hyde family visiting Philadelphia.

A handsome house, handsomely furnished, had been found; and madame had brought with her the servants necessary to care for it, and for the family's comfort.

In a week she had come to the conclusion that Joris was disappointed; which indeed was very much the case. He could hear nothing of Cornelia. He had never once got a glimpse of her lovely countenance, and no scrutiny had revealed to him the place of her abode.

A month passed in unfruitful searching misery, and Hyde was almost hopeless. The journey appeared to be altogether a failure; and he said to Annie, "I am ashamed for my selfishness in permitting you to come here. I see that you have tired yourself to death for nothing at all."

She gave her head a resolute little shake and answered, "Wait and see. Something is coming. Do you know that I am going to Mrs. Washington's reception to-morrow evening? I shall see the President. Cousin, you are to be my cavalier, if it please you, and my uncle and aunt will attend us."

"I am devotedly at your service, Annie; and I will at least point out to you some of the dazzling beauties of our court—the splendid Mrs. Bingham, the Miss Allens and Miss Cheves, and the brilliant Sally McKean."

The next evening Joris had every reason to feel proud of his cousin. The touch of phantasy and flame in her nature illumined her face, and no one could look at her without feeling that a fervent and transparent soul gazed from her eyes, so lambent with

was walking about the rooms talking to the ladies present. For a few minutes he remained in conversation with the party, then he went forward, and Hyde turning with his beautiful charge, met Cornelia face to face.

They looked at each other as two disembodied souls might meet and look after death—reproaching, questioning, entreating, longing. Hyde flushed and paled, but could not for his very life make the slightest effort at recognition or speech. Cornelia, who had seen his entry, was more prepared. She gave him one long look of tender reproach as she passed, but she made no movement of recognition. If she had said one syllable—if she had paused one moment, if she had shown in any way the least desire for a renewal of their acquaintance, Hyde was sure his heart would have instantly responded. As it was, they had met and parted in a moment, and every circumstance had been against him. For it was the most natural thing in life, that he should, after his cousin's interview with Washington, stoop to her words with delight and interest; and it was equally natural for Cornelia to put the construction on his attentions which every one else did.

Hyde wandered through the parlors speaking to one and another but ever on the watch for Cornelia. He saw her no more that night. She had withdrawn as soon as possible after meeting Hyde, and he was so miserably disappointed, so angry at the unpropitious circumstances which had dominated their casual meeting, that he hardly spoke to any one as they returned home.

The next day Annie asked: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Damer, rector of Downhill Market?"

"Very well. He preached very tiresome sermons."

"His daughter Mary was at the ball last night."

"What is Mary Damer doing in America?"

"She is on a visit to her cousin, who is married to the Governor of Massachusetts. He is here on some state matter, and as Miss Damer also wished to see Washington, he brought her with him."

"I was a mere lad when I saw her last. Is she passable?"

"She is extremely handsome. My aunt heard that she is to marry a Boston gentleman of good promise and estate. I dare say it is true."

It was so true that even while they were speaking of the matter Mary was writing these words to her betrothed: "Yesterday I met the Hydes. The young lord got out of my way. Did he imagine I had designs on him? I look for a better man. I may see a great deal of them in the coming summer, and then I may find out. At present I will dismiss the Hydes. I have met pleasanter company."

Annie dismissed the subject with the same sort of impatience. It seemed to no one a matter of any importance.

Hyde was shaken, confused, lifted on his feet, as it were; but after another day had passed, he had come to one steady resolution—he would speak to Cornelia when he next met her, no matter where it was, or who was with her.

For nearly a week he kept a conscious, constant watch. His insistent sorrowful longing was like a cry from Love's watch towers, but it did not reach the beloved one, or else she did not answer it. One bright morning he resolved to walk through the great dry goods stores, where the beauties of the "gay Quaker" bought their choicest fabrics in foreign chintzes, lawns and Indian muslins. He was getting impatient of the bustle and pushing, when he saw Anthony Clymer approaching him. The young man was driving a new and very spirited team, and as he with some difficulty held them, he called to Hyde to come and drive with him. After an hour's driving they came to a famous hostelry, and Clymer said, "Let us give ourselves lunch, and the horses bait and a rest, then we will make them show their mettle home again."

The young men had a luxurious meal and more good wine than they ought to have taken.

The champ and gallop of the horses and Clymer's vociferous enjoyment of his own wit, blended, and for a moment or two Hyde was under a physical exhilaration as intoxicating as the foam of the champagne they had been drinking. In the height of this meretricious gaiety, a carriage, driving at a rather rapid rate turned into the road; and Cornelia suddenly raised her eyes to the festive young men, and then dropped them with an abrupt, even angry expression.

Hyde became silent and speechless, and Clymer was quickly infected by

the very force and potency of his companion's agitation and distressed surprise. Both were glad to escape the other's company, and Hyde fled to the privacy of his own room, that he might hide there the almost unbearable chagrin and misery this unfortunate meeting had caused him.

"Where shall I run to avoid myself?" he cried, as he paced the floor in an agony of shame. "She will never respect me again. She ought not. I am the most wretched of lovers."

For some days sorrow and confusion and distraction bound his senses; he refused all company, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and he looked as white and wan as a spectre. A stupid weight, a dismal sullen stillness succeeded the storm of shame and grief; and he felt himself to be the most forlorn of human beings. At length, however, the first misery of that wretched meeting passed away, and then he resolved to forget.

"It is all past!" he said despairingly. "She is lost to me forever! Alas, alas, Cornelia. Though you would not believe me, it was the most perfect love that I gave you!"

Cornelia's sorrow, though quite as profound, was different in character. Her sex and various other considera-



Had a luxurious meal.

tions taught her more restraint; but she also felt the situation to be altogether unendurable, for despite all reason, despite even the evidence of her own eyes, Cornelia kept a reserve. And in that pitiful last meeting, there had been a flash from Hyde's eyes, that said to her—she knew not what of unconquerable love and wrong and sorrow—a flash swifter than lightning and equally potent. It had stirred into tumult and revolt all the platitudes with which she had tried to quiet her restless heart; made her doubtful, pitiful and uncertain of all things, even while her lover's reckless gaiety seemed to confirm her worst suspicions. And she felt unable to face constantly this distressing dubious questioning, so that it was with almost irritable entreaty she said, "Let us go home, mother."

"I have desired to do so for two weeks, Cornelia," answered Mrs. Moran. "I think our visit has already been too long."

"My Cousin Silas has now begun to make love to me; and his mother and sisters like it no better than I do. I hate this town with its rampant, affected fashion and frivolities! Mother, let us go home, at once. Lucinda can pack our trunks to-day, and we will leave in the morning."

"Can we go without an escort?"

"Oh, yes, we can. Lucinda will wait on us—she too is longing for New York—and who can drive us more carefully than Cato? I am at the end of my patience. I am like to cry out! I am so unhappy, mother!"

"My dear, we will go home to-morrow. We can make the journey in short stages. Do not break down now, Cornelia. It is only a little longer."

"I shall not break down—if we go home." And as the struggle to resist sorrow proves the capacity to resist it, Cornelia kept her promise. As they reached New York her cheerfulness increased, and when they turned into Maiden Lane she clasped her hands for very joy.

She ran upstairs to her own dear room, laid her head on her pillow, sat down in her favorite chair, opened her desk, let in all the sunshine she could, and then fell with holy gratitude on her knees and thanked God for her sweet home, and for the full cup of mercies he had given her to drink in it.

When she went downstairs the mail had just come in, and the Doctor sat before a desk covered with newspapers and letters. "Cornelia," he cried in a voice full of interest, "here is a letter for you—a long letter. It is from Paris."

She examined the large sheets closed with a great splash of red wax, bearing the de Tournon crest. It had indeed come from Paris, the city of dreadful slaughter, yet Cornelia opened it with a smiling excitement, as she read:

"It is from Arenta!"

(to be continued.)

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own way."

soft spiritual fire. This impression
was enhanced by her childlike gown
of white crape over soft white silk;
it suggested her sweet fretless life,
and also something unknown and un-
seen in her very simplicity.

Mrs. Washington's parlors were
crowded that night. The earl at once
presented his niece to Mrs. Washing-
ton, and afterward to the President,
who as a guest of Mrs. Washington,